

T H E
SIGHS and GROANS
O F

Mr. *Sh-----n*, *Sheridan*

W I T H

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A full Account of a Comical Farce
that was acted last Saturday Night
at the Theatre in *Smock-Alley*, and
the Occasion thereof.

A L S O,

An Account of the Manager's rude
Behaviour to the Audience at the
Play of *MAHOMET*.

D U B L I N:

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Mr. *Sh-----n*, &c.

The Speech which was Encored was this:

---- “ *If, ye Pow'rs of divine !*

“ *Ye mark the Movements of this nether World*

“ *And bring them to Account, crush crush these
Vipers*

“ *Who singled out by a Community*

“ *To guard their Rights, shall for a grasp of Ore*

“ *Or paltry Office sell them to the Foe.*

THE House filled before six o'Clock, and it seems what brought so many together was to enjoy the Pleasure which others, at the first Performance, had said they received ; this was a Motive sufficient to induce Persons of all Conditions to come to the Performance.

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It had however been given out by some Persons that the Manager had taken *Digges's* answering to the *Encore*, in very great *Dungeon*, and had threatened him with the Forfeiture of his Salary if he dared answer to the *Encore*.

Upon this Play's being bespoke, and this high Menace, which was a Preparative and a malicious Propensity to insult the Audience, who were therefore reputed to be *Country-Men*.---- So that truly this was called by the Manager, a Faction in his Company, and he accordingly ordered it to be resolved in a Committee of the whole House, that no Actor whatever from the highest to the lowest shou'd presume to answer an *Encore*, and be it resolved by the Authority aforesaid, and be it entered in the Records of the House, that whatever Actor or Actress, shou'd presume to answer an *Encore* tho' the whole World was the Audience, that he or she so offending shou'd be discharged.

And be it further resolved that the Reasons of this Resolution are to prevent so untheatrical a Proceeding, in an insolent Audience from coming into Precedent without the *previous Consent* of the Manager.

The Play begins, to a House of above one hundred and twenty Pounds, when *Digges* in *Alcanor* was encored as before, at the Speech recited:

He begged to be heard why he cou'd not comply with the Commands of the Audience, and gave it for Reasons that he was obliged
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to sign the Resolution of the Manager's Privy-Council, and that therefore he hoped that the Audience wou'd not insist on his disobliging the *Sultan*. These were not *Digges's* Words, but thus were interpreted by the Audience, who thereupon demanded the Manager to enter and to make an Apology. The Manager was in the House, heard all the Uproar, was an Eye-witness of the Confusion in *Digges's* Face, and indeed of the whole Company, but his Effrontery was as usual, impenetrable, and his Scheme of obtaining a Pension for such *Courtly* Proceedings, not to be baffled by the best Reasons or the most solid Arguments. He therefore chose to sacrifice his Company, and to ruin their Interests rather than to have it said that the doughty Manager shou'd be brought to by the Guns of a splendid and numerous Audience.

Forbid that *Nature*, and forbid it *Pride*. *Manager*, *Manager*, *Manager* were the interjective Exclamations of near an Hour, but no Manager wou'd appear, then the Wags in the Gallery begun their Raillery to entertain the House, and called upon him by his beloved Title of,

Thomas Sh-----n Esq; come on the Stage--- but this tho' repeated as in Court three times, was also rejected. The Audience then thought to calm those Fears and Apprehensions so natural to the Law of whole Bones, bidding him come forth with Impunity; but he was loth to venture Carcase and favourite self, to the Resentment of Brick-bats. When the Audience had with some
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Politeness and more Patience sat, to try how long the obstinate Monster would withstand their Solicitations, and Coquette it against the Addresses of five hundred Ladies, and as many pretty Fellows. A Gentleman of Rank slipped from the Pit to the Stage to tempt the Prudery of this fair Obstinate, but to no Purpose.

Next stepped forth the Boatswain of the Crew, with his Whistle, as dirty as a Tar Barrel, namely the renowned *C-m---*, Knight of the Black-Wig, and the doleful Mazard, impudently as his Master, presuming that an Audience which refused to hear *Digges* would listen to his paltry Nonsense, they therefore saluted him with some Freedoms, and he was glad to get off in a whole Skin. Then appeared the Deputy Manager, the redoubted Mr. *S-w--n*, thinking that he had to deal with the same spirited Audience at *London*, but his lamentable Suit, and Features also were repulsed.

None but the Manager could be heard with Justice, by so impartial a Jury, to speak in his own Defence.

They then to shew their Resentment called upon *Tracy* the Taylor, to make an Apology, and indeed soon after became very merry, saying, That he was putting on the Buttons which *Sb---* was making.

At last appeared *Sow--n* under the Protection of Mrs. *Wessington*, oh what flinty Heart could resist her fine Address, and finer Accomplishments? but alas, so steeled, so Case-hardened
were

were they against the Tendresse of even this favourite Actress, that they refused to hear her say more than that *Sh-----n* had left the House.— Then the Waggs cried—Stole away—to him to him.—And having no farther Expectations of a Play, they proceeded to Drollery, which when they grew tired of, they cried a *Clap* for his Majesty, which was received with the joint Concurrence of every one in the House, and accompanied with three loud and universal Huzzas.—

Then in Order as follows

A Clap for the The King.

Prince of Wales.

The Duke and the Army.

The Royal Family.

Lord Kildare and Liberty.

Roger the Speaker, and Ireland.

Lord Carrick.

Mrs. Hamilton.

Lord Tyrone.

Anthony, & Co. & Co.

The outed Members.

The Smith that refused to shoe a Courtiers Horse.

The Country Writers.

The Dublin Spy.

The Universal Advertiser.

Then

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Then came the GROANS.

For Reynard. J. Dorset

For the Cub. D^o Geo. Sackville

For Phaeton.

For the Parson and Dragoon.

For Caiaphas.

For all Indorfers.

For Ganymedes.

Tottenham. For T—n—m's Boots.

For the Post-Office Council. H. Bingham

For the No-honest Man. Stannard

For the Hangman that burns the News-Boys Papers, &c. &c. Strat Lyne

After this, finding that the Manager would persist in his Impudence, and confidently brave it in the Faces of most of the Men of Fortune in the Kingdom, they desired that the Ladies might withdraw, which they did, and then to punish the Manager only, they tore up the Benches, cut the Scenes, and almost shelled the House, which he richly brought upon himself.

F I N I S.



